Rich. Then give me leave to goe.
Bul. Whither?
Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.
Bul. Goe ſome of you convey him to the Tower.
Rich. Oh good: convey: Conveyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.
Bul. On wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your ſelves. *Exeunt.*
Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.
Carl. The woe's to come, the children yet un-borne,
Shall feele this day as ſharpe to them as thorne.
Aum. You holy clergy-men, is there no plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but alſo to effect
What ever I ſhall happen to deviſe.
I ſee your browes are full of diſcontent,
Your heart of ſorrow, and your eyes of teares,
Come home with me to ſupper, ile lay a plot
Shall ſhew us all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill-erected Tower:
To whoſe flint boſome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Priſoner, by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Here let us reſt, if this rebellious Earth
Have any reſting for her true Kings Queene.
Enter Richard and Gard.
But ſoft, but ſee, or rather doe not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke up; behold.
That you in pitty may diſſolve to dew,

And waſh him freſh againe with true-love teares.
Ah thou the modell where old Troy did ſtand,
Thou map of honour, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard-favor'd griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When triumph is become an Ale-houſe gueſt?
Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, doe not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden; learne good ſoule,
To thinke our former State a happy dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes us but this. I am ſworne Brother (ſweet)
To grim neceſſity; and he and I
Will keepe a League till Death. High thee to France,
And Cloyſter thee in ſome Religious houſe:
Our holy lives muſt win a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here have throwne downe.
Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and mind
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thruſteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupil-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiſſe the Rodde,
And fawne on rage with baſe humility,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beaſts?
Rich. A King of beaſts indeed, if aught but beaſt,
I had beene ſtill a happy King of Men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that even heare thou tak'ſt,
As from my death-bed, my laſt living leave.
In winters teadious night ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
Of woefull ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid goodnight, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds:
For why? the ſenceleſſe Brands will ſympathize
The heavy accent of my mooving tongue,